

Historic Churchyard.

The Church of St. George the Martyr, whose crypt it is proposed to fit up for the church scouts, is famous for the eminent men buried in its churchyard. For this was for many years the burial place of prisoners in the Marshalsea and King's Bench, and illustrious prisoners were common there. Bionner, Bishop of London, died in the Marshalsea, and was buried in St. George's churchyard, and here, too, are buried Rushworth, clerk of parliament in the days of Charles I. and the famous Cocker, whose arithmetic book went through a hundred editions. The parish register records the marriages of Lilly, the astrologer, and General Monk. This parish register narrowly escaped destruction, for at a public vestry in 1776 it was resolved to "sell to Mr. Samuel Carter all the parish papers in a lump at three halfpence per pound."—London Chronicle.

Makes the Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. It's the quick healer of boils, ulcers, eczema, sore lips or piles. 25c at all druggists. adv.

An Early Error.

"When Eve ate of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, she did not eat largely enough. We recognize Good and Evil, but we miss the finer shades."—"Grit Lawless," by F. E. Mills Young.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

A New Back for an Old One—How a Resident Made a Bad Back Strong.

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless; piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame that to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back if the kidneys are weak. You cannot reach the cause. Follow the example of this Paw Paw citizen:

Mrs. Jennie Soule, LaGrave street, Paw Paw, says: "While I have never used Doan's Kidney Pills, I have no hesitation in recommending them, as they have been taken in our household with satisfactory results. The person who took them complained a great deal of dull pains in the small of the back and other symptoms showed that the kidneys were disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills were procured at Longwell Bros.' drug store and they promptly removed the difficulties."

For sale by all dealers: Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. adv.

Chinese Oysters.

A New York Chinese laundryman is helping out his daily breakfast with native Chinese oysters on the half shell. The shells he brought along with him from China. The oysters he receives from China in the half barrel, dried and smoked.

As they come they resemble somewhat dried apples or peaches. The laundryman gives a mess over night, each oyster in a shell full of sea water, and the next morning they have the plump and juicy attractive appearance of freshly opened oysters, and if they did not have so much the taste of canvased ham one might perhaps detect an oyster flavor about them.

The Chinaman says the oysters are preserved in this way by first being dried in the sun and then smoked with seaweed which, when burning, has a small like oyster soup.

Man Coughs and Breaks Ribs.

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure it's a God send to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo., "for I believe I would have consumed today if I had not used this great remedy." It's guaranteed to satisfy and you can get a free trial bottle 50 cents or \$1.00 size at all druggists. adv.

Charcoal Eph's Philosophies.

"Funny how some people never gets enough trouble," said Charcoal Eph, feelingly. "Heah's my friend Rastus done married a widder wid five gal chillun! Try some olives, Mistah Jackson."—Baltimore Sun.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that most infectious diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. For sale by Longwell Bros. adv.

Few.

Few men would worry today over the mistakes of yesterday if it were not necessary to keep on paying for them.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by Longwell Bros. adv.

SINCERE STATEMENT FROM RELIABLE CITIZEN

Your window display in the store of Mr. E. J. Sweeney here, reminded me that my family owed a debt of gratitude to your wonderful preparation for kidney trouble.

A few years ago my wife suffered from a general breakdown in health. She was troubled continually with backache and suffered severely from nervousness and loss of appetite.

We tried several preparations and had the services of different physicians who prescribed for her, but she could not obtain any permanent relief from their treatment.

At the time I was connected with the drug business and had heard so many people speak highly of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root that I resolved to try it.

My wife had only been taking it a short time when she felt much improved. We continued its use for some time until she felt entirely well and was a hundred per cent better in every way.

Since that time she has had no return of the trouble. We always keep Swamp Root in the house and find it a wonderful tonic as well as a great kidney medicine.

We want to thank you sincerely for the benefits derived from its use and shall never hesitate to recommend it to our friends. Yours very truly, W. S. FRY, Pottstown, Pa.

Affirmed to before me a justice of the peace in and for Montgomery county, and state of Pennsylvania, this 4th day of May, 1912.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp Root Will Do.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention the Paw Paw True Northerner. Regular 50 cent and \$1 size bottles for sale at all drug stores. adv.

Not Much Difference.

"Do you act towards your wife as you did before you married her?" "Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to hang over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I met just the same way now when I get home late."

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it that in cases of coughs and colds it can always be depended upon, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Longwell Bros. adv.

HER STRONG REMARKS WAS SORRY FOR TOM

By FRANK ROUSELETT.

"Good night," said the young man. But he made no move from the far corner of the divan where he was seated.

The young woman sitting with her head obstinately turned from him moved it back perhaps half an inch. "What are you going for?" she demanded.

"Well," said the young man, "I gathered from your last set of remarks that you could breathe more freely if the atmosphere of the room were not contaminated by my presence—that there would be more space to turn around if the place were not cluttered up by undesirable commodities. In short, I rather figured it out that it was a hint for me to leave!"

"I'm sure," said the young woman, "that I don't want you to stay if you'd rather go! I wouldn't keep you for a minute against your will. It certainly shows when you eagerly seize upon the simplest remarks and twist them about to suit your own convenience that you are looking for a chance to escape! Don't let me detain you, I beg!"

"Oh, you aren't detaining me," the young man assured her. "Before I go I'd like to point out that you are in error when you call your remarks simple. They were not. On the contrary, they were exceedingly forceful and emphatic."

"While those remarks were clear in meaning they were complicated in design—you started on one topic and included sixteen others in the same sentence—so I am rather proud than otherwise that I was able to make out precisely what you meant. It proves to me that I have at least brains enough to come in out of the rain. I rather doubted this at first in the face of what you said. But I couldn't go away and leave you laboring under the delusion that you had something to say that was entirely ineffective and simple. What you said hit the spot!"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" said the young woman. "I suppose you think you are funny!"

"Funny!" the young man echoed in hollow tones. "What do you think I am? Do I impress you as the sort of person who would dance and sing at his own funeral? Why should I be mirthful at having received my walking papers?"

"I hate slang," observed the young woman. "Don't be silly. I never said anything like that."

The young man shook his head in a resigned manner. "Don't draw out the agony for me, Genevieve," he said. "It's cruelty to attempt to smother the blow. Having given it, why attempt to feed me chocolate drops? As I said some time ago, good night!"

"I wish you wouldn't be so foolish," said the young woman, turning clear around toward him. "If you go home now, at nine o'clock, mother and every one else will want to know what on earth is the matter! So will that Spree girl across the street. I can see her in their front window now. She'll spread it all over the neighborhood in no time at all that we've quarreled!"

"Why fear the truth?" inquired the young man. "I suppose sooner or later it will dawn on the people that I don't come here any more and—"

"Do you mean to say that you aren't ever coming to see me again?" the young woman broke in, sharply.

"Why should I?" asked the young man, resignedly. "It never would occur to me that I was welcome after having been told that I wasn't!"

"I didn't tell you that."

"You may have clothed the idea in graceful language," conceded the young man, "but it was there with both feet, all right! It is plain to be seen that you're tired of me and it has all been a mistake. I apologize for hypnotizing you into engaging yourself to me and I regret the amount of the electric light bills that I have piled up for your father. I will say nothing about my ruined life because that is a subject that would not interest you. I think it is time to say good—"

"I never in my life," interrupted the young woman with indignation, "saw a person twist things the way you do. I didn't say anything at all!"

"Yes, you did—plenty!"

"Well," said the young woman anxiously, "if I did I didn't mean it, really!"

"Well, that's different," conceded the young man. "Can it be that you don't want me to go?"

"Of course not—foolish! That Spree girl across the street would be perfectly sure to hear of it."

"Really," said the young man, moving over close to her, "that Spree girl is an angel, since she has been kind enough to fix up our quarrel for us."—Chicago Daily News.

Looking Upward.

Is not this little paragraph from Maeterlinck worth pondering; nay, more, is it not worth acting upon?

"We must learn to live in a beauty, an earnestness, that shall become a part of ourselves. In life there is no creature so degraded but knows full well which is the noble and beautiful thing that he should do; but this noble, beautiful thing is not strong enough within him. It is this invisible but abstract strength that it must be our endeavor to increase first of all. And this strength increases only in those who have acquired the habit of resting more frequently than others upon summits where life absorbs the soul, upon heights whence we see that every act and every thought is infallibly bound up with something great and immortal."—Chicago Evening Post.

By EUGENIE LEITCH.

"Well, I'd like to know why not!" Githers paused in the doorway, the picture of amazed protest. In one hand he held the evening paper and a magazine, and in the other a cigar.

On his feet were slippers, around his form was a smoking jacket. A straight line drawn to the nearest object from him would have ended at the easy chair comfortably turned upward toward the electric lamp on the table.

It was a chair that Githers had sat in after dinner for more evenings than he could count. "Why," he repeated, "can't I go in there and read? What do you mean, mother?"

Mrs. Githers approached him and picked a thread off his sleeve. "Wouldn't you just as soon sit upstairs with me?" she asked brightly.

"I'm going to sew."

"What of it?" demanded her husband. "Don't you usually sew downstairs here? Don't we always sit downstairs? Why?"

"My goodness, John!" exclaimed his wife impatiently. "Wouldn't you like a change?"

"Elmira," said Githers, firmly, "you're hiding something—tell me at once!"

"Simply nothing," said his wife. "Only Grace is going to have a caller this evening and I wanted to let the child have the living room—oh, its one of the boys in her class and it's all right, so you needn't glare. She's seventeen and must have friends among the boys as other girls do. Not that she wouldn't just as soon have us there, but we'd embarrass them!"

"What the Dickens!" growled Githers, turning toward the stairs. "Pretty state of things when I can't use my own chair! Callers at her age! Umph!"

Mrs. Githers got him nicely arranged in her room and as she reached for the mending basket she paused, hand in air. The front door had slammed and a vast whistling heralded the entrance of the son and heir of the household. Mrs. Githers went and leaned over the banisters.

"Rob!" she called in dulcet tones. "Hullo!" came the inquiring answer. "Where are you? Where is everybody? Who's sick?"

"Come up," said his mother. "Wouldn't you like to sit up here with father and me?" she wheeled as he arrived at the door. "Here's a nice comfortable chair and—"

"What's the matter with the living room?" he demanded in amazement. "Why?"

Mrs. Githers sighed. "I never saw such stupid men folks!" she declared. "Why can't you do things without having them all explained. I'd like to know? Grace has a caller coming and—"

"Whoop-ee-e!" shouted Grace's brother, making a dart for her door. "Who's your beau, sis? Who've you got a crush on?"

"Mother!" came Grace's indignant voice. "Make Bob stop! I think he's perfectly horrid! I haven't got a crush on anybody and you know it, Bob Githers, and I perfectly hate you, so there now!"

"Children!" cried Mrs. Githers. "I'm surprised at both of you. Stop it at once!"

"Well, I'd like a look at the chump who's so important that I'm barred out of my happy home," protested her son. "Geel! There isn't anything to do up here! I'm going out!"

"No, please don't!" urged his distracted mother. "I'll read out loud to you and dad!"

"Mother!" called her daughter, frantically. "Come and tell me how my hair looks."

Left to themselves Githers and his son stared dully at each other. "Some doings, eh?" queried young Githers. "Tommyrot, I call it! Will sis be doing this every night forever? ever till she's married off? I'm going to move if she does!"

"This chair," said his father irritably, "was built for a boa constrictor, not a man. And where are the matches?"

Mrs. Githers came back and Grace floated downstairs. She played a piece on the piano exactly as though she expected no one and then she walked about. The men folks shivered. Then the telephone rang.

Presently Grace called dolefully upstairs: "Tom can't come! He's got an awful cold! Isn't that horrid!"

Githers and his son reached the bottom of the stairs simultaneously. "My but I'm sorry for Tom!" said Githers as he grabbed the easy chair.

Her Cherished Secret.

Little Jack, aged five, had accompanied his mother on a trip to the city.

When the conductor came around to collect the fares he asked the usual question: "How old is the boy?"

After being informed the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The lad sat quite still, apparently pondering over something; then, concluding that full information had not been given, he called loudly to the conductor at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-five."—Harper's Bazar.

Invented Half-Tone Process.

George Meisenbach, the inventor of a "half-tone" process by which photographs are transferred to printing blocks, died a few days ago in Germany, at the age of 71. The invention of the "half-tone" process over 30 years ago made possible the reproduction of photographs, paintings and drawings in full detail, as in modern newspapers, instead of in lines.

The Coughs of Children

They may not cough today, but what about tomorrow? Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. This cough medicine is especially good for children. No anodynes. No alcohol.

Many a child is called dull and stupid when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills, sugar-coated, will do such children a great deal of good. Ask him. Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Wholesale Condemnation.

"One of the first things that was told me when I landed in the state of Massachusetts, in my vacation from the territory of Hawaii, was the story of a little girl in the Sabbath school. The class was asked by the teacher what heathen was. Several girls gave answers, and finally this little one put up her hand, shaking it most vigorously, and the teacher asked her, and this was the definition she gave: 'Heathen is anyone born outside the state of Massachusetts.'—Exchange.

Why He Hesitated.

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight?" asked the judge of a policeman. "Shure," was the answer, "an' O' didn't know whish av them was goin' to be th' defendant, yer honor."

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PAW PAW SAVINGS BANK

At Paw Paw, Michigan, at the close of business Nov. 26th, 1912, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

ASSETS			
Loans and discounts, viz.:			
Commercial Dep't.	\$104,834.92		
Savings Dep't.	80,000.00		\$184,834.92
Bonds, mortgages and securities, viz.:			
Commercial Dep't.			
Savings Dep't.	102,764.18		102,764.18
Premiums Acct.			1,345.54
Overdrafts			1,000.00
Furniture and fixtures			1,000.00
Real estate			7,000.00
Due from other banks and bankers			212.66
Items in transit			
RESERVE	Com.	Savings.	
Due from banks in reserve cities	\$18,416.04	\$24,841.76	
Exchanges for clearing house	1,700.10		
U. S. and Nat'l			
Bank Currency	3,452.90	4,500.00	
Gold coin		8,000.00	
Silver coin	753.10	200.00	
Nickels and cents	368.72		
Checks, and other cash items	19,458.95	31,841.76	\$4,400.73
			212.66
Total			\$301,006.96

LIABILITIES			
Capital stock paid in			\$40,000.00
Surplus fund			10,000.00
Undivided profits, net			5,000.00
Dividends unpaid			
Com. deposits sub. to check	85,244.07		
Com. certificates of deposit	12,250.21		
Savings deposit (book acct.)	18,500.12		
Savings certificates of dep't	182,043.20		285,486.60
Total			\$301,006.96

State of Michigan, County of Van Buren, ss.
I, C. A. Wolfe, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

C. A. Wolfe, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of December, 1912.
WM. KILLEFER, Notary Public.

My commission expires Feb. 3, 1913.
CORRECT ATTEST:
W. R. SELLICK,
DANIEL MORRISON,
H. Y. TARBELL,
Directors.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Van Buren.
In the matter of the estate of Lawrence N. Martin, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an order of said court, made on the 8th day of October, A. D. 1912, I shall sell at public auction, on the 26th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the north front door of the court house at the village of Paw Paw, in said county, the interest of said estate in the following described real estate, to-wit:

The south-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section 24, except seven acres on the north end thereof, also the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Paw Paw, Van Buren county, Michigan.

Dated this 7th day of December, A. D. 1912.
4413
WILBUR J. WARNER,
Administrator estate Lawrence N. Martin, deceased

Probate Order.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Van Buren.
At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county, on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1912.

Present, Hon. David Anderson, Judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of Allen Tibbels deceased.

Lucy I. Root, widow of said deceased, having filed in said court her petition praying for reasons therein stated that administration of said estate be granted to said petitioner, or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the 30th day of December, A. D. 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in The True Northerner, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

A true copy.
MARGARET M. SOUTHWORTH,
Clerk of Probate.
4413
DAVID ANDERSON,
Judge of Probate.

State of Michigan—The Probate Court for the County of Van Buren.
At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county, on the 2nd day of December, A. D. 1912.

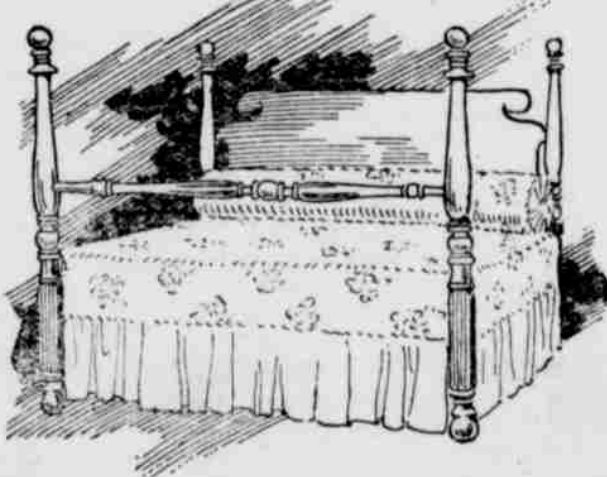
Present, Hon. David Anderson, Judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of Allen Tibbels deceased.

Lucy I. Root, administratrix of said estate, having filed in said court her petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 30th day of December, A. D. 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in The True Northerner, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

A true copy.
MARGARET M. SOUTHWORTH,
Clerk of Probate.
4413
DAVID ANDERSON,
Judge of Probate.



For the Bed Room

There is Nothing More Artistic and Refined for the Bedroom

than a COLONIAL FOUR POSTER SUITE. The Bed shown in the above cut is one of our best selling designs. This four poster bed is full size—four feet six inches wide—

Price \$19.50

Dresser to match bed \$27.50

and the Chiffonier \$25.50

This is only one of many new suits shown on our floors. We suggest a Bed Room Suite for a Christmas gift.

When you visit Kalamazoo don't fail to inspect our Furniture Gift Department. Here you will find suggestions for practical, sensible Christmas gifts in solid mahogany priced from \$1.25 to \$25.00.

Remember that we pay freight to your station.

Buy
Your
Gifts
Early

THE QUALITY HOUSE
C. B. CONE E. L. YAPLE
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